The Liberalist

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PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

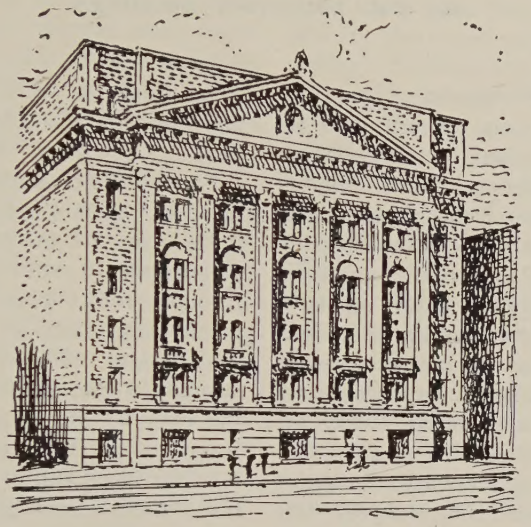
Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

—William Shakespeare

ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
FOR THE YEAR 1960

Cash on Hand, January 1, 1960		$ 3,317.23
RECEIPTS		
Plate collections		14,115.45
Pledges, including Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, Summer fund and Miscellaneous Donations		50,010.05
Memorial Fund		2,243.00
The Liberalist		2,773.65
Cash from Sale of Property, estates etc.		11,281.64
Choir		61.00
Rentals		940.00
Radio		6,050.00
Seats		286.00
		$ 91,078.02
DISBURSEMENTS		
Advertising	4,699.12	
Choir	73.38	
Property Expense and Car	7,637.24	
Building and office supplies, repairs, operating and general expense	20,394.23	
Repairs to organ, new equipment, water heater aand lights	8,603.59	
The Liberalist, Kable Printing Company	5,533.64	
Memorial Fund (Charity and Gifts)	2,031.70	
Postage	2,227.73	
Radio Broadcasting	4,100.00	
Salaries and wages	28,918.31	
Insurance	575.84	
Music	3,189.50	87,984.28
CASH ON HAND, January 1, 1961		$ 3,093.74

May H. Harrison, Treasurer



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Wednesday, April 19th.

TONIGHT our church held its 49th Annual Dinner Meeting in Anderson Hall. Having never missed one of the annual meetings in all these years, it is inspiring for me to record that it was one of the most interesting and vital we have ever held. Everyone indicated an unusual interest in the annual reports which were made by the various organizations in the church. Every organization is represented at these annual meetings and presents a report on their activities during the year. The fine president of our Board of Trustees, Mr. L. E. McCloy, was unable to be present, as he was in Ravenswood Hospital. Our vice-president likewise was ill and could not attend. The Board asked me to preside at the dinner and program.

After an unusually good dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett led the meeting with some community singing. I wish we had the space here to publish the report of each organization as presented at the meeting tonight. I am sure it would be an inspiration to every reader and every member of the church to know of the activities of our organizations and how much they assist in the work of the church. Every report showed an advance over last year and a renewal of activity and interest. As they were given, one after another, I felt greatly encouraged. We are publishing the Treasurer's annual report in this number of the Liberalist. I wish you would turn to it and read it carefully. It is not given to many churches to have raised a budget of $90,000 for the year's work. This has been accomplished by our church this year and we are completely free from debt.

At the conclusion of the business meeting I gave a brief address on our future plans for the jubilee year which will begin in the fall and extend through 1962. You will hear more about these plans as we get into the year ahead. Three members were elected to the Board of Trustees of the church: Mr. Waldo Moe, of the International Harvester Company, Mr. William Berglund, of the Illinois Central Railroad, and Mr. L. E. McCloy, of the Wieboldt Stores. They have served the board most faithfully and acceptably and were re-elected by the members.

Thursday, April 20th.

This is Library Week throughout the United States and our active organization, The Friends of the Chicago Public Library, observed the occasion this afternoon at four o'clock in the Public Library Auditorium. They invited me to give the address, which I did, taking for my subject the slogan for Library Week, "Read for a Fuller, Richer Life." The auditorium was filled for the occasion, and Fannie Butcher, the distinguished literary critic of the Chicago Tribune, presided and introduced Marguerite Henry, well-known author, who in turn introduced me. It was a most distinguished audience, for I noticed it was composed mostly of literary people, critics, authors and writers in the Chicago area. Twenty-five thousand books were published in America last year. There will be more published next year probably, increas-

ing the difficulty of selecting the worthwhile books.

The Friends of the Chicago Public Library is a very helpful and active organization. As a long-time member of the board of directors of the Chicago Public Library system I can testify as to how helpful they are.

After finishing my lecture this afternoon, I drove to Sycamore, Illinois, where I addressed the DeKalb County Tuberculosis Institute, meeting in the high school auditorium. This was another inspiring occasion for me and, after the long drive home tonight I am still in the glow of an interesting day.

Friday, April 21st.

All day long, radio and television have been devoted to the situation in Cuba and the activities of Fidel Castro. It is too early perhaps to be dogmatic about the Cuban situation, but the end will come for Castro one of these days. It always happens to those who would destroy freedom. I was able to catch only snatches here and there of the broadcast. At ten o'clock this morning I was on WGN-TV with Paul Salinger, on his popular morning program. The well-known radio and television personality Dorothy Connors introduced me to Major de Seversky. The Major is one of the most controversial figures in America. I am quite familiar with his writings, but this is the first time I have had the opportunity of meeting him. He has just published a new book called "America is Too Young to Die," which I haven't read as yet. He is probably one of the best-informed men in the nation in the area of aviation.

Saturday, April 22nd.

I have made it a practice through the years never to accept engagements on Saturday night. After the busy weeks which I have, one after another, I try to keep Saturday evening for a quiet home dinner and a restful evening, but tonight was the great exception for the entire year. The Thirtieth Annual Shakespeare Dinner, given every year by the Friends of Literature on the Saturday evening nearest to Shakespeare's birthday, was held. Unbeknown to me, the occasion tonight was planned in the nature of a tribute because I have presided as the Master of Ceremonies at each of these dinners through the years. I have never missed presiding in thirty years.

I could write a book on these dinners. The people who have received awards in literature and drama during the years constitute the finest literary people in the country. The men who have given the tributes to Shakespeare through the years have all been distinguished in literature. Some national figure is always invited to give the tribute to Shakespeare and the reply is always given by the British Consul General. The speaker this year was Dr. James G. McManaway, of the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, D.C., and the response was given by the Honorable Andrew Graham Gilchrist, Her Majesty's British Consul General in Chicago. Of all the men who have replied through the years to the speaker on Shakespeare, I think every person present tonight would agree with me that the address by Mr. Gilchrist was one of the finest and one of the wittiest addresses we have ever had at the Friends of Literature Shakespeare dinner. Mr. Gilchrist took quotations from the plays of Shakespeare and applied the description to contemporary people and situations. It has been said you can prove anything by the Bible and the same can be said of Shakespeare. He is always modern and has an answer to everything.

Mr. Hoke Norris of the editorial

staff of the Chicago Sun-Times presented an award to the author, Mr. Don Russell, for his remarkable biography of William F. Cody, "The Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill;" and Mr. Van Allen Bradley, the literary editor of the Chicago Daily News, presented a scroll to Mr. Andrew McNally III; and one of the most beloved women in Chicago, Mrs. Charles S. Clark, presented a citation to Dr. John Reich, director of the Goodman Theatre for the unprecedented renaissance which Dr. Reich has brought to creative theatre in the City of Chicago. No individual in the history of our city has done more to restore good theatre than Dr. John Reich has done. He is one of Chicago's greatest cultural assets. Mr. John W. Gembala presented the Robert F. Ferguson Poetry Award to Henry Rago, of Poetry Magazine.

Late tonight, all in all I feel that the 30th Annual Dinner was the most successful, the most inspiring and the most unusual in the whole history of the Friends of Literature. If there is one person who deserves an accolade for her leadership and ability to assemble a program, it is the president of the Friends of Literature, Mrs. Hazel R. Ferguson. She told me at the table tonight during the dinner, that tomorrow they begin working on the plans for next year's dinner.

As I turned the program back to Mrs. Ferguson, the president, she presented me with a beautiful silver tray, artistically engraved in recognition of my thirty years of service as the master of ceremonies at the annual dinners. I was very much surprised and touched very deeply. The tray will always remain in my family long after I am gone, as a symbol of the many fine friendships which I have made through the years in one of the most effective organizations in our literary life.

Sunday, April 23rd.

It hardly seemed like Sunday to me today, for June is in Louisiana with Mrs. Harry D. Stone, the president of our Woman's Club. They drove down in order to be with Mrs. Stone's mother on her 80th birthday observance. I talked to her by phone and was glad to know they arrived and were having an enjoyable time. Their springtime is way ahead of our spring and the foilage is in bloom and the gardens are blossoming and she said it was all very beautiful.

I spoke this morning on "A Time For Greatness" and the congregation's response was most gratifying. This evening I listened to Dr. Nels Ferre, the distinguished theologian, in an address which he gave to the Sunday Evening Club. It was a most unusual address, revolving around the idea that those in the Christian tradition must increasingly recognize the value in the other world religions rather than merely make an effort to convert people to Christianity from their religion. Dr. Ferre I think, quite rightly, recognized that there are certain great and fundamental spiritual values to be found in other religions, and in a world where unity is vastly more important than uniformity, it becomes necessary to know as much as we can about other religions. I had never met Dr. Ferre before, though I had read his books. I was impressed with his ability, knowing how great a theologian and thinker he is, to express himself in such a manner as to be easily understood. There was no philosophical or theological jargon.

Monday, April 24th.

I worked most of the afternoon cutting ten tapes at station WFMF. I

find radio now much harder than TV for me. In television I envisage that I am looking at an audience of people, but in radio it is difficult to create that illusion. I have been talking into a microphone all afternoon. I am getting my programs all ready so that when I am in Europe this summer and the church is closed, my daily radio program will continue every day. At ten o'clock every weekday morning I will be on the air.

At our meeting of the board of the Public Library this afternoon it looked as though Lincoln Park Branch is going to have a new building. We are working with the board of trustees of the McCormick Theological Seminary for a part of their campus. If these plans materialize we are going to build a new branch library. The community needs it and I think it would be an asset to the seminary itself.

Tuesday, April 25th.

I spent this whole afternoon making tapes at the broadcasting station WFMF. I am trying to make as many as I can at every opportunity for there are many to be made between now and October 1st.

One of the most largely attended meetings of our Men's Club for the year was held tonight, when Anderson Hall held more than 300 people who came to listen to the Men's Club program. Dr. Andrew Ivy, the distinguished pathologist of the University of Illinois, was the speaker, and he spoke on the controversial subject of "The Effect of Krebiosen on Cancer." The club president, Mr. Waldo Moe, invited me to introduce Dr. Ivy, which I was happy to do. Dr. Ivy lectured for an hour and then the audience asked questions for another hour. It was one of the most stimulating, interesting and successful evenings our Men's Club has ever held.

Wednesday, April 26th.

One of the dearest friends I have ever had in my long ministry in our church is Dr. Ulysses Grant Dailey, an internationally known Chicago surgeon. I had served with Dr. Dailey when he was the head of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations and our friendship deepened with the passing of the years. Dr. Dailey was the former chief of the surgical staff at Provident Hospital and co-founder of the International College of Surgeons. He was a Negro and proud of it. He honored his race. A native of Donaldsonville, Louisiana, he attended Strait University in New Orleans (now Dillard U.) and the Northwestern University School of Medicine and entered into private practice in Chicago in 1906. He studied in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. He retired from active practice in 1956, the same year his alma mater, Northwestern, awarded him the honorary degree of doctor of science. He was a past president of the National Medical Association, the organization of Negro doctors, and was a lecturer in anatomy at Northwestern. He retired to Puerto Prince, Haiti, where he had a lovely home, and June and I have been privilged to be the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Dailey in their Haiti home. Illness necessitated his returning to Chicago, where he passed on at Provident Hospital.

Dr. Dailey was active in the Grace Presbyterian Church and after his passing Mrs. Dailey invited me to give the eulogy at his funeral service which was held in Grace Church today. The church was filled with both white and colored people to pay tribute to one of the greatest men I have ever known. He leaves his widow; a son, Grant; a daughter, Mrs. Bentley Cyrus, and eight grandchildren. More of such men in every racial group could make the

whole problem of race relations much easier and more workable.

Thursday, April 27th.

I worked all afternoon again making tapes for WFMF, to be used daily while I am away. The only trouble about making tapes so far ahead is that they cannot be in any sense dated, and I must be very careful not to say something which when they are heard, three or four weeks or two months later will date them.

This evening Junie and I attended the performance of Ibsen's Uncle Vanya at the Goodman Theatre. It is not one of the playwright's best plays but, as in all of the plays that the Goodman Theatre presents, the directing and the acting were unquestionably indicative of the high standards of the theatre. I think the Goodman Theatre is the most exciting theatre in Chicago. I was looking over the plays which they are to present next season, and am thrilled by what we are to see. They are going to do "The Tempest," Ibsen's "Ghosts," "The Great God Brown," Part I of Goethe's "Faust," Thornton Wilder's "Our Town," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The American Dream," and "My Heart's in the Highlands," by William Saroyan.

Friday, April 28th.

During the Lenten season I had the opportunity of hearing Bishop James Pike, the Episcopal Bishop of California, speak at a London service in New York City, and at noon today I was invited by the president of the Executive's Club to sit at the speaker's table with Bishop Pike, who was to speak before the club. Bishop Pike to me is an enigma. He is one of the most interesting and challenging personalities I have ever met. He has an interesting background, having been early in his life a Roman Catholic, a graduate in law, serving in Washington with the government, and finally deciding to study for the priesthood in the Episcopal church, being made Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, where he first became a national figure, and was then made Bishop of California. Bishop Pike thinks for himself and has no hesitancy in expressing his thoughts. He has certain members of the clergy of his denomination upset and greatly disturbed, and that is to his credit. Fifty years ago he probably would have been tried for heresy and unfrocked, but no American church of any standing would hazard a heresy trial today.

Bishop Pike's address today was on understanding Communism, and he outlined several steps in the development of his subject. He held the great audience with his masterly and logical presentation. I wish everyone who calls an individual a Communist because that individual desires to better the economic and living standards of people or make it possible for them to live in a better house, or improve their status could have heard what he had to say. He reiterated what some of us have been saying for a long time: that the best way to defeat Communism is to make democracy work.

The Executive Club is composed of the finest business men and executives in the City of Chicago. I am sure there were probably members of the Birch Society present, as well as the kind of person who accuses anyone who is trying to make a better world of being a Communist. A white woman whose face reveals a deep hatred as she waves a Bible in front of a Methodist minister taking his little daughter into a New Orleans school is a danger to the future of democracy and the American system. Bishop Pike will be increasingly the subject of attack, but he

gives every evidence of being impervious to what his opposition might attempt.

Sunday, April 30th.

Had an interesting time this morning in church. I saw an article in a magazine headed "Have you Peopleitis?" It immediately struck me as a good subject for a sermon in a Peoples Church. I had a wonderful time with the subject and after the service many people spoke to me about it. The basis of the sermon was on the inability of people to be alone and to experience the benefit which comes from contemplation. We had so many requests for the sermon that I think it will be published in The Liberalist. I claim no originality for the subject, but I tried to go beyond the treatment given the same subject by the writer who coined the question.

One of the best ways to get to know people is meeting with them informally. This evening the British Consul General, Mr. Andrew Gilchrist, whose wife is at present in Europe with their children who are in school there, invited a few of his friends to his lovely home for dinner. It was a stag affair and an evening which has made an indelible impression on me, not only his graciousness and his hospitality, but the people whom he invited. To spend a whole evening with Dr. John Reich, of the Goodman Theatre, a representative from the Ministry of Education of Great Britain, and also a representative of the Board of Trade, Dr. Willis, the Superintendent of Chicago Schools, the Dean of Education of the University of Chicago, Irv Kupcinet, one of America's best-known columnists, was a most delightful experience. I wish I had a tape recording of the conversation both at the table and later in Mr. Gilchrist's library, where we had after-dinner coffee. I must not even begin to speak of what we talked about, our discourses and some argument, or I would need a whole magazine to do so. It has been my observation through the years that the more intelligent a conversationalist is, the less liability there is of acrimony and vociferous argument. The Chinese have an old adage which says, when men resort to their fists in an argument, it indicates they have run out of ideas. I do not know what Mr. Gilchrist had in mind when he made up his guest list for the evening, but his genius for right selection was easily demonstrated. Education, religion, business, government and the theatre arts were all represented. It was a memorable evening for me.

My space is gone and in our July number I will continue these sketchy notes and tell you of our summer plans.

Keep looking up!

"OUTER SPACE AND INNER SPIRIT"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

May 7, 1961

SOMEWHERE in the long-ago eons and eons of time man evolved to a creature standing upon his feet looking out into a universe; then he looked over his shoulder and he saw his shadow. That was the beginning of religion: he looked over

(*Continued on page* 11)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

YOU may recall that our lamented and much loved Will Rogers once said, "I never met a person I did not like." And Charles Lamb, one of the most brilliant of all our essayists remarked: "I don't know him; I have never met him; that's the reason I can hate him, for if I did know him, I should probably like him."

Now, then, what about this deadly, destroying venom of hate? Can anything be done about it? I don't know anyone who can shed a better light to illumine the dark places of our hearts in this hour than he who said: "I am the light of the world." We have all seen the growth of modern tyrants, and we have seen the rivers of blood flow out to meet the ocean of men's agonies. We have seen the God of Mars as he worked to make men hate. It is so easy to fan the flames of hatreds. But in the midst of this there is another voice: "Love your enemies; do good to them that despitefully use you."

Let us stop being pioneers of the literal Jesus, and let us find the spirit of the Jesus of reality, in our endeavor to find a bigness of soul, a largeness of intellect and a comprehensiveness of spirit. There is no way to overcome hate but by love. R. Piety tells us:

God gave my world to me,
And I rebelliously
  Cried out, "How small!
  And is this all?"
His words were sad, yet mild:
"All that you love, my child."

Myself that moment died,
And born anew I cried:
  "Love, take control
  And lead my soul
To serve my small estate;"
And lo, my world is great!

Rabindranath Tagore said: "God is in everything that is beautiful, everything that is good, everything that is kind." So let us forget for the moment fine distinctions of theology, burdened creeds, and discussions of metaphysics: I have known sunlight, and moonlight, the heart of a friend, the heave and sigh of the sea;—I have seen the granite peaks of mountains part the sky, and lift my soul as they were lifted up. Forget, for the moment, the cold phrases of men; for God is in all that lives and loves and liberates!

"Outer Space and Inner Spirit"

(*Continued from page* 9)

his shoulder and he saw his shadow! And from that time until this hour in the millions and millions of years which have passed as the evolutionary processes of creativeness have ever inspired man on into the quest of the unknown, wonder has been basically a part of his nature. Wonder! Do you remember Robert Frost's great poem "The Wall?" Why do men climb mountains? Because there are mountains there and the mystery and wonder of what a world looks like from a mountain peak settles as a motivation into the struggle of man. Why does man seek the unknown? Why has he constantly sought through the ages to change and modify, understand, translate his environment until he directs his intellectual and spiritual sensitivity into the quest of the unknown? What is around the corner of the strange road we've never been on? What is over the hill in a strange pastoral country we have never visited? What is beyond the beyond? That quest is as natural to the human consciousness as the desire for food or raiment: the penetration of the unknown; the restlessness of the human spirit; the conquests, the going on and out and over and beyond and beyond. That motivation in the human spirit could be the basis of man's decreasing the areas of his own ignorance of the space of which he is a part, and that unknown space will have an attraction for man as long as reason and emotion are wedded together in man's motivation! As long as imagination touches the depths of his mentality, man will wonder!

You and I this past week have shared, due to the miracle of television, the actual scene of a man for the first time in the history of our nation and, I am almost convinced, for the first time in the history of any nation, entering into outer space! The one factor about this, looking at it somewhat materialistically for a moment, is that we must not forget, and the world must not be permitted to forget, that every move made by our Astronaut was visible to millions of people in this experience! We saw him don his garments; we saw him leave; we saw him enter the missile! We saw him! About him there was no subterfuge. It was the reality. Those cameras did not lie, and America has not lied to the world! The achievement which has been so heralded of a man in orbit by the Soviet Union was buried in secrecy, and it is still buried in secrecy, leaving a supposition that a man might have left who never returned and that a substitute was made who has given every evidence of several different stories of the experience. I make no accusations! I have not one word of proof! It is just deduction, and deduction can lead to reason, and I am personally convinced that the Soviet Union never did have a man in orbit! In the openness of our own portrayal, everyone connected with the experiment shuddered, knowing what would happen if failure came!

It arouses my admiration that those responsible for this space experimentation dared to gamble with failure, for had they failed, with the mood of the American people experiencing the reactions of Laos and of Cuba, if this were to be added, in this competitive struggle for world supremacy which has settled down upon the nations of

this earth, the resultant disaster to the morale of the American people would have been tragic! It is fearful to imagine, if we are at all sensitive to our morale and the moods of Americans, it is fearful to imagine what would have happened if that space capsule had exploded into a thousand pieces and the blood of Alan B. Shepard had mingled with the sea! The result of that would have shaken the very foundations of our American morale! It didn't happen, and there is very little use in our speculating as to what would have happened if it had happened. It didn't happen! The experiment was successful, more so than even anticipated!

What I wanted to bring out as we think of space and the inner spirit of man, what I wanted to bring out in my own reactions to this, which have occupied a great deal of my mental time since this experiment was successful, is the fact that there was a basic quality of character that dared take a chance when the issues demanded courage! That is the greatness of this hour! Every member of the United States Government from the President to the humblest officer; every citizen of the United States from the humblest to the greatest, knew that it was a chance! They knew they were taking a chance and they took that chance, and were successful!

Now then, dare we go a step further! Man's quest to penetrate the unknown; man's quest to find an answer to the mystery: dare we go one step further? Dare we take another chance? Dare we have the courage in the area of health and poverty and mental welfare and cancer and heart disease and all of the challenges that rest upon our nation, dare we take another chance! Let us stop our bickering and fighting and agonizing over our religious differences or our dogmatic distinctions, making it forever impossible for the Soviet press to publish on their front pages the greatest asset to their propaganda, greater than sending a battalion out into outer space, the picture of a mother leading her little child into school in New Orleans and standing alongside her, a woman with a face so vicious in hatred, (Did you see that face? Did you look into her face?) while she waved the Holy Bible at a little black girl going to school! Look at that photo! It has been published around the world! The Russians have printed it in pamphlets! They've sent millions of them behind the Iron Curtain; they've dropped them like snowflakes all over Africa!

You wonder why we're in trouble in Africa? You wonder why we're in trouble in China? You wonder why we're in trouble in India? When one of the greatest journalists of India, one of the finest intellects of all Asia, was refused service in a restaurant because his skin was colored for he is not a Negro, he's an Aryan, an Indian, and his skin is colored, and he was refused service in an American city's restaurant! That incident was published all over India, just as the other picture was published all over Africa! Do you wonder why we're in trouble inside and doing so well in space? Well, all of the achievements in space, all of them; all of the sacrifices, all of them, will be nothing but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals unless Americans who build American hatred abroad by calling the President of the United States (one of the noblest patriotic men this country ever had in the Presidency, President Eisenhower) a Communist, cease to do so! Sending it to the world! Sending out propaganda and literature that the Chief Justice of the United States should be indicted

and removed from office because he is a Communist! And all this in the name of "patriotism!" Instead, let us send out to the whole wide world a tortured, twisted, disturbed, upside down, frantic world, the things that you and I believe in and love: respect for each other's religion; honoring each other's race! While working out these difficult, intricate inner problems of economics and government the last thing we need, the very last thing we need, is the hate monger and the trouble maker in America! They do more harm to the future of democracy and the cause of peace than card-carrying Communists do! They're the ones!

In this hour when we have demonstrated this space event openly and without any reservation, hazarding the gamble in our realm of science, now let us make the greatest gamble of all: let us practice brotherhood in our own block; let us live it in our own village; let us make it a reality within the circumference and periphery of our own life! That will do the trick! That will undermine the Soviet Union quicker than anything else!

Do you want to stop Communism? Every intelligent person I know does, and I certainly do! All right! Make democracy work where you live! You want to strike the greatest blow for freedom? Strike it where you live! In your own city; your own block! Show the world that we mean it and then our phrases of "brotherhood of man" and "world peace" will not drop like sounding brass and tinkling cymbals on the green covered tables of world diplomacy! We shall have answered them, and answered them finally and well! That's what I mean. Outer space? Yes! Find the space beyond space; go to the farthest realm, but be sure when you go you have learned the art of living together on the earth you know with dignity, with greatness, and with peace! Civilization is not television, it's what you see on the television; civilization is not these microphones that stare at me from this pulpit this morning, that isn't civilization, civilization is what you hear through those microphones; civilization is not flying to the moon, civilization is what are you going to fly to the moon for; civilization is not the moving picture theater, civilization is what you see in the moving picture theater! Let's get our values straight! Materialism and mechanics, not civilization! And civilization is not flying to the moon, civilization is the question: "Why are you flying to the moon?" Let us have an answer there and we shall silence every tyrant and stop dead in their tracks every personality who doesn't respect the dignity of the human personality! That will stop them where dollars never will! Oh, for the great gamble! Let us not be afraid!

Now with gratitude in our hearts for the beauty of this morning and the opportunity of meeting together again in the church we love, we ask that wherever these words have gone they may have brought encouragement and strength to any who may be faint-hearted. And now may that peace, that far-off, dreamed-of peace that this world cannot confer and neither can this world remove, be and abide in all of your hearts today and always!

BOOK CHATS

THIS being the month of weddings, I think I should tell you about a little gift book entiitled *I Thee Wed,* which is a collection of marriage vows, past and present, curious and traditional, funny and touching, compiled by Betty Rollin and illustrated sympathetically and delightfully by Sheila Greenwald. Published by Doubleday, as a Gift Edition, selling for $2.50, it is a perfect wedding gift for the one who just wishes to make a token gift, or for a pre-wedding shower. The vows, the promises or proclamations extend from Egypt to 18th Century Germany, to communist China, and include Indian, American, British, Jewish and Bahai vows, and even a Negro slave ceremony, a marriage-by-proxy one from 15th Century England and a suffragette-socialist ceremony.

Both Betty Rollin and Sheila Greenwald are graduates of Sarah Lawrence College, one in '57 and one in '56. Miss Rollin is a New Yorker, an actress as well as a literary researcher, and has appeared in several plays and television films. Miss Greenwald has illustrated many children's and adult books and her work has appeared in a number of magazines, including Harper's and Gourmet.

The briefest affair in the book is that of the Eskimo, where the bride and the groom say nothing—just move into the same igloo.

I think the funniest is that of Dalmatia, on the island of Pago. Bride's Parent: "Know, since thou wilt have her; that she is good-for-nothing, ill-natured, and obstinate." Groom: (affecting an angry look) "Ah, since it is so, I will teach you to behave better." Then he kicks her. Thus they are married. I wonder if she first ties on a little or a big pillow, like the little boy who knows he will get spanked.

* * *

As long as "Spring is busting out all over" at the moment of my writing, May 16th, I might as well tell you about a book for nature lovers—bird watchers especially—which will be published by the time you will be reading this, June 2nd, by Doubleday. This is another small book ($2.75) of 96 pages, by Milton White, who is an instructor of English at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. He was introduced to bird-watching by various members of the faculty, has published numerous short stories in *Seventeen,* and two chapters from the present book appeared in *Vogue.* He is currently working on a novel. This book on bird-watching he calls *Listen, the Red-eyed Vireo.* He writes with restrained humor of a delightfully eccentric but dedicated group, who mind not wind, rain or hail and two of whom even carry their infants on their backs while going bird-watching in the drizzle. There is an introductory poem by Ogden Nash called *Up From the Egg: The Confessions of a Nuthatch Avoider.* The illustrations which appear on page after page are by F. B. Modell and are so graphically descriptive that one can almost read the chapter or the episode from looking at the illustration. That does not mean to say that I am belittling the story-

telling of Mr. White in the least. He has the distinct art of telling a story and extracting out of it all there is in it, humor and all, yet without laughing at his own jokes. One reads much between the lines. One smells the ground after the rain—feels the water trickling down his neck—glories in the blue sky later on, gets the hushed sense of delight in sighting the scarlet tanager. The Christmas chapter, with the birthing of the calf and the dog's pups in the old barn, with the Bird Watchers arriving in time to be kindly and helpful with the milking, gives one a warm feeling around the heart. One need not be a bird-watcher to enjoy Milton White's *Listen, the Red-eyed Vireo.* I wish every twleve-year-old boy could have the chapter on "The Woman Who Fed Birds" read to him, or is it better that the parents read it? Once in a while it is good to remember that love is never wasted; that it always blesses the giver. Sometimes we forget to use it in a little better understanding of other human beings, who may have interests that differ from our own. If you are one of those who thinks that people with a hobby are crazy, just wait till a good-sized hobby bites you. If you don't get bitten before you get to be 65, then I feel sorry for you. I got myself bitten with Winston Churchill's hobby, and I'm just starting life all over again. So more power to the bird-watchers. They're closer to nature than I am; though they do look so funny with the rain always dripping off them. Milton White, the author, seemed to collect more mud and water than all the others and to acquire less bird-count, but he has given us a delightful account of his education by the Olney Bird Watchers.

FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 18

ONLY A DAD

Only a Dad with a tired face,
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little of gold or fame
To show how well he has played the game;
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him come and to hear his voice.

Only a Dad with a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the whips and the scorns of life,
With never a whimper of pain or hate,
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a Dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd,
Toiling, striving from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way,
Silent whenever the harsh condemn,
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a Dad, but he gives his all,
To smooth the way for his children small,
Doing with courage stern and grim,
The deeds that his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen:
Only a Dad, but the best of men.

—Edgar A. Guest

THE DOLLAR BILL

I'm just a crumpled dollar bill,
Old and wrinkled and torn,
They keep me on the go until
I wish I'd never been born.

I've been around a bit, I say,
And I've seen a thing or two,
And I guess I've seen a better day,
And I fear I'm almost through.

I've been in purses lined with silk,
And wallets lined with grime,
I've paid the bill for Baby's milk,
I've been the cause of crime.

I like to mingle here and there,
But I never seem to stay,
They always seek me in despair,
And then I'm on my way.

There's one place I would like to go,
And I'm ever going to search
Until I find some man I know
Who'll take me to his church.

And when I see, down either aisle,
The collectors so sedate,
I'll hope to nestle there awhile,
On the velvet on that plate.

Ah, then my life will be complete;
I'll enjoy a double feature—
I'll come to rest near the Mercy-Seat,
And for the first time . . . see a preacher.

George Z. Keller

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

IT'S a beautiful, bright, sunny Spring day in the middle of May, though the wind is very cool. Mothers and maids are strolling in Lincoln Park, pushing baby carriages, and with children tugging at their arms and skirts. A few trees are almost in full leaf, but the majority are just at the "bursting out" stage; the lake is a soft and heavenly blue, and as I look out, I am wondering just what it will look like out there in the park when you receive your June Liberalist.

Myrtle and Ray Landmark, the housekeeper and Dr. Bradley's Chauffeur, have just packed up their car to the rooftop and left for the Island in Lake Vermilion to prepare the summer home for vacation-time, and the house seems so unusually quiet, with vacation thoughts pervading the atmosphere.

We haven't usually given over the June cover of The Liberalist to thoughts of brides and weddings, but it is quite appropriate to the month of June, and especially so as June 30th

is the date of the marriage of Dr. Bradley and June. As I figured up the years I was delighted to discover that next year, which is Dr. Bradley's great Fiftieth Anniversary in the church and city that he loves, will be the 10th wedding anniversary of Doctor and June, so there should be much celebrating in the household, as well as in the church and at McCormick Place.

* * *

Mention must be made of the happy success of the Third Annual Art Exhibit for Uptown Chicago, held on April 30th, in Anderson Hall. While our first exhibit showed the work of twenty artists, and the second showed twenty-six, this year there were forty-two exhibitors, and it was an unusually beautiful exhibit. Each year we have had a section for amateurs and hobbyists, as well as for professionals. There were twenty-seven professionals exhibiting and fifteen amateurs. While most of the artists were from Chicago, a few out-of-towners joined us as well; from Joliet, LaGrange, Waukegan and Kenosha, Elmhurst, Evanston, Arlington Heights and Skokie.

Mme. Seiho Arakawa, of the Chicago Misho Kai, 1620 N. LaSalle St., a famous instructor in the art of Japanese Flower Arrangement, contributed three arrangements of flowers, one in the traditional Kakubana style and two in the more modern Moribana and Mageire styles. These greatly added to the beauty of the room and of the stage.

Mrs. W. R. Freyer, of 5410 S. Dorchester Avenue, a professional artist, who is very versatile and not only does portraits, but murals as well, did individual sketches of visitors to the exhibit, donating the receipts to the exhibit treasury. Mrs. Freyer is the daughter of one of our faithful exhibitors to all three exhibits, Mrs. Sigrid Sutton, of 1819 Lawrence Avenue. We are indebted to Mrs. Freyer and to her mother, who interested her in our exhibit.

Several members of the Regent Art League exhibited, also of the Northwest Art League: Fred Stueckeman, Paul Unterzuber, Anton F. Mueller, Stanley Feret, Carman Thomson.

Oil paintings were featured by most of the artists, but there were twelve water-colors, seven tempera, five pastel and two pen and ink.

Mr. Arnold Zweertz, a teacher from the Art Institute, exhibited three very beautiful mosaics.

Among the amateurs the oldest exhibitor was 87, the youngest 15, with a 17-year-old and an 80-year-old running close seconds. The 15-year-old is the daughter of Peggy Palmer Burrows, who was one of our professional exhibitors and who had just won the Conrad-Hilton Award at the All-Illinois State Exhibit.

Baroness Violet Beatrice Wenner gave an address on "Putting Rhythm and Color Into Your Everyday Life." The Baroness has had a studio at 619 N. Michigan Avenue for thirty years and is a famous International Portrait Artist. She gave many experiences from her life in Europe and reminiscenses of the noted people she had painted: the Kaiser of Germany, Franz Josef of Austria, the Queen of Wurttemberg, King William II of Wurttemberg, the late Prince Consort of Holland, Prince George, of England, and many, many others, including, in this country, President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Ex-President Herbert Hoover, Clara Clemens (daughter of Mark Twain), Maria Jeritza and others. Baroness Wenner is not only an International Portrait Painter, but a lecturer, linguist, musician (harpist) and writer.

She is a member of the National Society of Arts and Letters. She gave a most interesting talk, expressing her views on all art, modern and traditional, and the meaning and purpose of all art. She had a most interested audience of over two hundred people.

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley attended the exhibit and in a brief and intimate talk, he expressed gratitude to the Baroness, and spoke of plans for our next year's Art Exhibit.

Mae B. Alshuler, of Kenosha, another constant exhibitor since our inception, had donated an oil painting, on which chances were sold during the afternoon. Inspired by her donation, Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, general chairman of the exhibit and an amateur contributor, donated a pastel for the same purpose.

Inspired and filled with enthusiasm by the complete success of this, the Third Annual Exhibit, which is sponsored by the Professional and Business Woman's Club of the People's Church, we must here give appreciation to the many women of the club who took care of the social and refreshment hour with such efficiency and graciousness. No effort was spared, though we inconvenienced them greatly by having to move the refreshment tables to the very back of the hall to make room for the very much enlarged exhibit.

We have established an Art Fund in the Treasury of the Business Woman's Club, which now contains the nest egg for our Fourth Exhibit, when we are planning to give prizes and already have selected some of our judges. If any of our readers are artists or know artists who might like to exhibit next year, April, 1962, please see that their names and addresses are sent to me in care of The Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40, Illinois, so they may have notice in plenty of time. We are planning big things throughout the church for 1962 and we want the Fourth Annual Art Exhibit to be one of them.

* * *

Many people will be glad to know that Dr. Bradley will be heard all summer long over WFMF-FM at 10 a.m. Monday through Friday, and, whenever the air-time is not pre-empted on WCFL on Sundays at 5:45 p.m. He is working now at the business of recording daily messages on tape for this purpose.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I feel greatly privilged to hear your encouraging words each day over Station WFMF. I have been an enthusiastic listener to your messages for over forty years, and I hope to hear many more of them. Good luck to you, and my sincere thanks.

Virginia Wattley.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

My congratulations on your new column in the Messenger newspapers. Special compliments, too, on your first column, "Don't Let Tomorrow Tire You Today." I particularly needed this message on the day that I read it, when I opened the mail, and am quite sure God directed the sending of the clipping that reached me at such an opportune moment.

I am going to try to make sure that I receive the Oak Lawn Independent so that I will not miss your continued messages.

Always with best wishes for your well-being.

Sincerely,
Doris A. Greenwood
Advertising Agency

* * *

Dear Doctor Bradley:

Many thanks for your letter of May

2nd. I have been one of your radio audience since you were on WJJD. I am unable to attend the services at your church, but I get a lot of satisfaction from your sermons and I listen to them every Sunday.

I understand you are a member of Medinah. I have been a member for 51 years. Formerly I was a regular attendant, although during the past few years I have had to give up the Ceremonials.

I wanted you to know I am very much interested in your broadcasts and hope some day I can meet you personally.

Sincerely yours,
James C. Gray.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It is quite a coincidence that on the 6th of May (Saturday) I wrote the enclosed poem, and on Sunday, the 7th of May you gave a sermon preaching the same ideas.

Some years back you printed one of my poems ("I Have Found God") in your church paper, and if you wish to do so, you may print the enclosed.

Your sermons are always inspiring and I listen on Sundays when I do not attend service at Sinai Temple, where I am a member, and I have heard you speak on several occasions.

With sincerest regards, I am
Lud Isaac.

Here is Mr. Isaac's poem:

OUTER SPACE

Why rocket into outer space?
What miracles do we hope to find,
As long as man cannot embrace
Such simple things as being kind?

What wondrous facts can space flight learn
By penetrating moon and star
As long as human hearts will spurn
Man's love for man, here, where we are?

Until the inner-man gives birth
To love for those whom he thinks odd,
The outer-space can't bless this earth
With infinite things, that come from God.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

In the Fort Wayne newspapers I learn that you are to deliver the commencement address at the Huntertown High School on Wednesday, the 17th.

Mrs. Dunten and I regret exceedingly that we cannot be present, but arrangements have been made to leave here on the 13th for the North Country, and in view of baby sitter commitments, etc., it is impossible to make any change in plans.

I was born and raised just a mile east of the village of Huntertown. The high school was not there during my early years, but I did put in the first eight grades in the little two-room building just north of the present school property. I still own the farm on which I was born. I thought you would be interested in this situation.

Again regretting that we cannot be with you, I remain

Sincerely yours,
L. H. Dunten.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We took a quartet from our choir to the British Old Folks Home last evening and gave them a one hour program. They are listening to our service this morning.

Frank Bennett.

(The choir mentioned above is of course The Peoples Church Choir and the letter is signed by our Choir Director, Mr. Frank Bennett.)

* * *

Station WFMF,
Care of Dr. Preston Bradley Program:

I should like to have a copy of the Greek prayer by Gilbert Murray which you read over the air today on your program.

May I take this opportunity to say how much I enjoy your program and

what a spiritual lift it gives to my daily life. Thank you so much.

Mrs. R. Allen.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Would you kindly send me a copy of the Greek Prayer you read this morning? Your words are always a great inspiration to me.

Sincerely,

Jeanette Colson.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am sending this dollar as a contribution for your radio ministry. It is not much but I wanted to help in some way.

You will never realize what a *help* and *encouragement* your sermon meant to me this Sunday. What a talent God blessed you with! Imagine all the people you are able to reach and help just by your voice, spirit and the God-blessed thoughts you pour out over the radio. Thank you.

Sincerely,

D. V. Heiser.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Listening to you each Sunday over WLS seems somewhat like slowly walking through the deep woods near Manitowish Waters when the leaves are just starting to come out, and being very near to God, as the deep underbrush crackles and the pleasant aroma of pine fills the air; and, as you approach a small lake, it seems like gems sparkling in the wilderness sunlight. A few deer graze on juicy shoots, and bird songs, and a light breeze, and wilderness conversation fills the air.

One's faith is strengthened . . .

And one listens and one thinks . .

Most sincerely,

Llewellyn A. Moue, (Lumberjack)

(We have heard from Lumberjack before, but never with such a beautiful description of nature. We thank him.)

Blessed Dr. Bradley:

* * *

I'm still uplifted by your so helpful message via radio from your pulpit on Sunday, April 30th.

I, too, am aware that many of us suffer from "Peopleitis" and your sermon encouraged the self to be about the Father's business, regardless. Enclosed please find my check, sent with love and gratitude. This thought came to me: "If all those million people who listen to your sermons given over radio, and receive so much from them, would *all, at once* put a measly little dollar in an envelope, and address it to the Peoples Church, you would be free of ever mentioning that a church needs funds to carry on.

Why won't people accept the fact that one can receive *only* by giving *first;* that is an exact law. People who do not obey this law cheat themselves.

Today I must tell you that the 29th of May marks the "Invocation Day" for many people who believe that sincere prayer for wisdom and guidance is the only answer and help to an ailing world. You've been so very kind in the past, giving the enclosed Invocation to the world, would you help us again, please? Of course I know that you will.

I've received a letter from very dear friends — I've been sending my Liberalists to them — telling me that they can't get your broadcasts over TV; but maybe could get it over radio, but haven't one, so — I've shipped them a "Silvertone" — they live in Maine. Now I'm anxiously waiting for the news that they've heard you April 30th.

This very sick world needs men like you so very much, so, please, don't overwork — we need you always with us. God bless you and your dear ones.

Gratefully,

Margaret Pettit.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

As I listened to your services yesterday while driving to Champaign to see my daughter, one would not have suspected that you had been on such a "long walk" the night before.

I am referring to the graduation exercises of the National College of Naprapathy, which were made so complete by the wonderful address you gave and which should mean so much to those who were present.

May I extend my sincere thanks and appreciation and that of the Administrative Board of the National College to you for the thoughts and time you gave us last Saturday night.

You may be sure that it means much to a small college to have such a person as you take time out to give us of your inspiration.

Each time I hear you, I glean another thought, idea or inspiration and I know this is true of many of us. Because of this it is our hope that we may again be honored by your presence at some event in the future.

Sincerely,
Lee W. Reuter, D.N.
President, N. C. N.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have been a member of your radio congregation for most of my life. My mother aand father were members also of your radio congregation for years, and I can remember what a special treat it was for our entire family, when my father would drive us up for the evening services.

I continued to keep in contact with your services by air when I was away at college. When my then future husband would come to Chicago on weekends, we would take in your evening services. It wasn't that may husband was looking for a cheap date, it was rather that we both received more enjoyment and inspiration than we could from any other source. My husband, a career army officer and our two children recently returned from Europe. On our first Sunday at home, we tuned in your broadcast. At its close my husband turned to me and said, "Milly, he's still the master." (My much beloved husbaand died unexpectedly at Christmas of a heart attack.) We did, however, together introduce our two children to your services, and the only reason I excuse our son from church attendance is when he says, "But, Mother, I want to hear Dr. Bradley."

The inspiration you have brought into our lives has been immeasurable. I can only inadequately say, "Thank you, Dr. Bradley."

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Cornelius DeBoer.

P.S. I am enclosing my offering, also two dollars for The Liberalist, which please send to my Mother, Mrs. George Warren.

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

WEDDINGS

1—Ruth Swanson and George A. Palmer
Patricia Haase and Robert Feehery, Jr.
Lillian Kagan and Donald Yount
8—Margaret Atkinson and Frank Zuccaro
8—Mildred Jones and Thomas Pudlosky
10—Dorothy Norton and Charles S. Roth
Lucy Williams and Lester Mapes
30—Fumiko Takano and Robert Lee

CHRISTENINGS

Easter Sunday

1—Robert Lee Hellman, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hellman
Royal Jon Alexander James, son of
Mr. & Mrs. Wesley James
2—Leslie Danielle Nelson, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nelson
30—Christine Marie Johanson, daughter of
Mr. & Mrs. Roy Johanson

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

APRIL

1—Three Weddings
2—Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Sunday Evening Forum
WLS, WCFL and WEBH-FM
3—WFMF-FM
Sick Calls
Conference
Left for Boston
4—WFMF-FM
In Boston
5—WFMF-FM
Left Boston for N.Y.
Interview, McGraw-Hill.
6—In New York
WFMF-FM
7—WFMF-FM
Address. Wesak Observance, Birth of Buddha. Chicago Buddhist Church
8—Friends of Literature Luncheon, Art Institute
Two weddings
9—WLS. WCFL
Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
10—WFMF-FM
Funeral
Visited property donated to Church
Cut records, WFMF-FM
Two weddings
11—WFMF-FM
Address, Borrowed Time Club, Covenant Meth. Church, Evanston
12—WFMF-FM
Funeral
Address, Shakespeare Luncheon, Chicago Woman's Club, Blackstone
Address, Hollywood PTA, Hollywood School, Hollywood, Ill.
13—WFMF-FM
Funeral
Dinner, Chicago Commission on Human Relations, Standard Club
14—WFMF—FM
Funeral
Conference, United Recording Co.
15—Worked in Study
16—WLS, WCFL
Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
17—WFMF-FM
Address, Teacher's Institute, Kenosha, Wisconsin
18—WFMF-FM
Address, Annual Meeting, Edgemere Woman's Club, Edgewater Beach Hotel
Address, Parent Teacher's Assn., Spalding School, Glen Ellyn, Ill.
19—WFMF-FM
Funeral
Annual Dinner and Meeting Peoples Church
20—WFMF-FM
Address. National Library Week, Friends of Library, Chicago Public Library
Left for Sycamore, Ill.
Address, DeKalb County Tuberculosis Institute at High School, Sycamore
21—WFMF-FM
B'cast WGN-TV with Paul Salinger
Luncheon Conference with Judge Salilla and Wm. Klein
22—Worked in Study
30th Annual Dinner, Friends of Literature. Master of Ceremonies for 30th time.
23—WLS, WCFL
Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
24—WFMF-FM
Cut 10 records, WFMF
Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library
25—WFMF-FM
Cut ten records, WFMF
Address, Men's Club, Peoples Church, with Dr. Andrew Ivy.
26—WFMF-FM
Funeral
27—WFMF-FM
Funeral
Luncheon, Business conference, re-record for national distribution
Cut ten records WFMF
28—WFMF-FM
Attended Executive's Club Luncheon to hear Bishop James Pike
Address—High Twelve Club, Oak Park Arms, Oak Park
29—Funeral
Address, Commencement, Natl. Coll. Naprapathy, Bismarck Hotel, Chicago
30—Wedding
WLS, WCFL
Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Dinner, British Consul General's Home

FUNERALS

10—Mrs. Agnes Beeloe
12—Mary Wagner
13—Dr. Jos. B. Poupa
14—Mrs. Stanley Herbison
19—Mrs. Hermine Roggeman
26—Dr. U. G. Daily
27—Helmi M. Hansson
29—Mrs. Lillian Fulton

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WLS ..... 11:00 a.m.

Chicago Sunday Evening Forum (November to Easter) Broadcast WEBH-FM .... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday School, Anderson Hall: All classes meet September to Easter ..... 9:45 a.m.
There is instruction for children who, because of distance, cannot come before 10:45 and for children who remain through the church services. A special class for youth over high school age, under Walter Haize. Jack E. Kolinen, superintendent.

Choir rehearsal every Sunday (from 3rd Sunday in September to 2nd Sunday in June) New members welcome ..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club: Meets first and third Sunday of the month. Watch church calendar for announcements, or call SU 4-5173 ..... 5:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: meets September to May, 1st and 3rd Mondays. For summer contact, call Mrs. Harry J. Giffing, 4853 N. Wolcott St., SU 4-5021 ..... 12:30 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, meets 2nd Sunday of the month, September to May. For summer contact, phone Winnie Jacobsen, 4451 W. Montana St., Chicago 39, DI 2-7629 ..... 4:00 p.m.

Men's Club meets 4th Tuesday of each month, September to May. For summer contact, phone Mr. Harold E. Hansen, 2218 W. Carmen Avenue, Chicago 18, ED 4-5998 ..... 8:00 p.m.

Great Books Course Class: First and third Tuesdays, all year round, Anderson Hall 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

WFMF, 100.3—Daily ..... 10:00 a.m.
WLS broadcasts the Sunday morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.
WCFL, Vesper Broadcast, every Sunday ..... 5:45 p.m.

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The latest report from WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services extend to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

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